THE HALF-CROWN TEA, Best in the City. {J. B. MART.} 110, Borough Buildings, London-rd. Prove it by buying half-a-pound on trial.

Vol. II.—No. 35. MANCHESTER. Saturday, April 10th. Price One Penny.

E. BRADFORD'S
44, SHUDEHILL,
CLEARING OUT,
THE IMMENSE STOCK OF
CLOCKS, WATCHES,
GOLD & GILT
JEWELLERY,
A LARGE ASSORTMENT of Britannia Metal and Electro-plate Goods, CUTLERY, Fancy Goods, Fire-arms, Musical Instruments, Pipes, Cigars, Shell and Horn Goods, Stationery, Hardware, Perfumery, Toilet Requisites, &c.
Previous to Stock-taking.
A Discount allowed on all purchases of £5 and upwards, until the First Day of May next.
NOTE THE ADDRESS:
E. BRADFORD, 44, SHUDEHILL.

WM. JAS. WRIGHT,
TAILOR,
58, LOWER KING STREET,
MANCHESTER,
Respectfully invites his Friends and the Public to inspect his very choice Stock of Spring Goods.

WM. JAM. WRIGHT,
Schneider und Hutmacher,
58, LOWER KING STREET,
MANCHESTER,
ersucht höflichst die Deutchen Herren in Manchester, und Umgegend sein Grosses Lager in gewählten Frühlings-Waaren anzusehen.
WILHELM BRAUN,
Vorschneider.

VICHY WATER.
36s. per Case of 50 Litre Bottles.
THE MINERAL WATER COMPANY OF VICHY,
Under the control of the State, have the honour to announce that the GENUINE WATERS can be had from their
REPRESENTATIVES—
James Smith & Company
26, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.
11, Lord Street, Liverpool.
28, High Street, Birmingham.

Grant & Co.'s Trousers, all Wool, 13/-
Grant & Co.'s Trousers and Vest, all Wool 17/6
Grant & Co.'s Brighton Coat, 20/-
Grant & Co.'s Showerproof Overcoats, 17/6
Grant & Co.'s Boys' Suits from 8/-
Grant & Co.'s Youths' Suits ,, 15/-
GRANT & CO.
TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, & OUTFITTERS,
136, DEANSGATE,
CORNER OF BRIDGE STREET.

JOHN RIGBY & SON,
Furnishing Ironmongers and Gas Fitters,
Extensive Stock of Fenders, Fire Irons, Gas Chandeliers & Fittings. Wholesale & Retail.

Gas Reduced to one-third its present cost, by the Hydro-carbon process.—Prospectuses on Application.
Sun Lights, Hot Air and Hot Water Apparatus.
15, PICCADILLY,
Two Doors from Oldham Street, Manchester.

ROYSE'S
PATENT HATS,
Half-way up Oldham-street, Manchester.
Manufactory, Park Works, Cheetham Hill Road.
Wholesale Branches { LONDON, Victoria Street. LIVERPOOL, St. James's Place. PARIS, Rue de Richelieu.

MISS ADA BRADSHAW, LUNCHEON BAR, 1, SICKLE STREET, MARKET-ST., Manchester.
ALLSOPP'S MILD AND BITTER ALES, LONDON AND DUBLIN STOUT.

JOHN CAVANAH, HATTER, BOOTMAKER, and OUTFITTER, "Number Eleven," Oxford-st., (St. Peters). Agent for LINCOLN and BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS. Walking, Dress, & Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Rugs, &c., in great variety.

RUPTURES.

EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862

Was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the

IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS.

Deformity Instruments, Artificial Limbs, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.

36, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

THE

TURKISH BATH,

BROUGHTON LANE.

HEATED on the only True Principle, that of the ROMAN HYPOCAUST.

Manager, W. POTTER,

The Original Proprietor.

GEORGE HINDLE,

Late Burgess and Broad,

Designer & Stamp Maker

To Merchants, Bleachers and others.

BLOCK CUTTER to Calico Printers.

BRASS, STEEL, IRON, and WOOD LETTERS and FIGURES, Brass Type with Boxes and Frames, Moulders' Letters and Figures, Warp Stamps, Stencil Plates, Brands, &c.

37, WITHY GROVE, SHUDEHILL,

MANCHESTER.

W. H. BROWNSON & Co.,

32, 34, 36, & 38, Oldham St.,

MANCHESTER,

HAVE EXTENDED the SALE of the Remaining Portion of their Immense Stock of GENERAL DRAPERY for Fourteen Days Longer, at such a further reduction in prices as cannot fail to command an entire clearance. The stock consists of the following departments:—

Black Silks, from 29s. 6d.; were 40s.
Coloured Silks, from 21s.; were 35s.
Japanese Silks, from 24s.; were 35s.
French Merinoes, in all colours, 1s. 3½d.; were 1s. 11½d.
Fancy Dresses, 3s. 6d.; were 7s. 11d.
Fancy Dresses, 5s. 6d.; were 9s. 11d.
Fancy Dresses, 6s. 11d.; were 10s. 11d.
Fancy Dresses, 7s. 11d.; were 12s. 6d.
Fancy Dresses, 8s. 6d.; were 12s. 6d.
Fancy Dresses, 10s. 6d.; were 15s. 6d.
Wool Repp, in all colours; Silk Repp, in all colours;

And every Fancy Dress Fabric suitable for the present season, much below their value. Flowers, Laces, Ribbons, Haberdashery, Hosiery, Gloves, Print, Calicoes, Linens, Flannels, Sheetings, Counterpanes, Muslin Curtains.

W. H. Brownson and Co. call especial attention to their Mantle and Shawl Department, as they are now replete with a well-assorted stock for the coming season. Observe the Address:—

W. H. BROWNSON & COMPANY,
32, 34, 36, and 38, OLDHAM STREET,
MANCHESTER.

LYONS' INKS.

Prize Medal, Paris, 1867:
Honourable Mention, London, 1862.

LYONS' Blue-black Writing and Copying INKS.
LYONS' Red, Blue, and Black INKS.
Also Extra Strong Copying INKS, to give Six Copies.
Sold by all Stationers.—Depot, Fennel-st. Manchester.

VELOCIPEDES.

THE

Lancashire Velocipede Co.

Beg to say that they do not Import Velocipedes from France, but make their own, having regard to the roads of the district.

For Strength, Ease, Speed, and Durability, they are unequalled.

GYMNASIUMS, &c, supplied.

INSPECTION INVITED.

92a, GEORGE STREET,

MANCHESTER.

WESTMINSTER

LIFE AND GENERAL

Assurance Company.

THE DIRECTORS beg to intimate that they have appointed Mr. JOHN HILL, (late Agency Inspector of the Scottish Union Company) the DISTRICT MANAGER for the Company in Lancashire.

Manchester Offices, India Buildings,

CROSS STREET (NEAR THE NEW EXCHANGE).

(Signed)

WILLIAM M. BROWNE,

Actuary.

London, March 2nd, 1869.

Every Saturday, price One Penny.

THE SPHINX,

A Journal of Criticism and Humour.

The *Sphinx* circulates in Lancashire, North Cheshire, Derbyshire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, and copies are forwarded by post to all parts of the United Kingdom. It contains Descriptive Papers, Humorous Sketches, Criticisms on Local Art, Music, the Drama, and Literature; Occasional Articles on Public Men, Popular Preachers, and Religious Movements; and Comments on Society and Passing Events.

The *Sphinx* is published every Saturday morning, price One Penny. Circulating among all classes, and especially in cultivated and influential circles, it is a publication of great value to advertisers.

CONTENTS OF No. 34, APRIL 3.

The Blind Asylum Chapel.
Holiday Notes: Wastdale.
After Dark.
Crossing Swords with H.M.S. Inniskillings: 1. The Opening.
A Morning with the Unitarians: The Rev. W. Herford.
Good Friday on the Bowdon Line.
A New Expedition to the Polar Seas.
The Bank Clerk to his Bicycle.
TOWN TALK.—The Crossing-Sweep Nuisance; Newsrooms in Manchester; St. Ann's Street; The Velocipede Mania; Over-estimate of Universities; London *v.* Provincial Dramatic Cities; The Author of the Alhambra Article; Hissing in Theatres; Girl of the Period Literature; Our New M.P.'s at Home.
MISCELLANIES.—A Reminiscence of Mr. Buckstone's Playhouse; Two Epitaphs; More Notes from Froude's Address; The Manchester Grammar School; Something Like a Theatre; American Tourists; The Later Days of Edmund Kean, &c., &c.

CONTENTS OF No. 33: MARCH 27.

Reminiscences of the Stage in Manchester: VI. Actors and Managers.
The American Snob.
Song: St. Patrick's Day.
On the Rialto: The Preston Strike.
The Clubs of Manchester: The Conservative.
New Lancashire M.P.'s in Parliament.
Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
TOWN TALK.—Future Dramatic Events in Manchester; Crossing-Sweepers in Manchester; Breaches of Promise of Marriage; Growth of the City; The *Times* Foreign Correspondents; The London Alhambra; Juries and Railway Compensation; "Sport" in India; Improper Photographs.
MISCELLANIES.—Manchester Artists in London; The Manchester Grammar School; Notes from Froude's Address; "Homes" of the Poor in Manchester.

The numbers comprising the First Volume (1 to 39) are no longer obtainable separately. A few copies of parts 1, 2, and 3 (containing the numbers from 1 to 25), and price elevenpence, fivepence, and ninepence respectively, may be obtained from the publishers, Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., 37, Oxford Street, Manchester.

J. G. KERSHAW & Co.,

Letterpress and Lithographic

PRINTERS,

BY STEAM POWER.

Ornamental Colour Printing,

BY PATENT TWO-COLOUR MACHINE.

LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING

BY STEAM POWER.

MACHINING EXECUTED FOR THE TRADE.

SHIPPERS' TICKETS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

'MAIN' PRINTING OFFICES, 37, OXFORD STREET,

MANCHESTER.

R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—GREAT OUTFIT ESTABLISHMENT,

125 & 127, OLDHAM STREET.

THOMAS PEEL takes this opportunity of thanking his patrons and the public generally for their kind support during the 20 years he has been in business, and begs most respectfully to submit the following prices.

Having had 32 years' experience in the Underclothing Manufactures, will be a guarantee for goods worthy of the pre-eminence to which his establishment has attained.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING Department.

Long Night Dresses, in dozens, half dozens, or singly, 2s. 6½d. to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, with frills, 2s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 12s.
Ditto, insertion, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, Needle Work, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 60s each. French and English Designs.

LADIES' CHEMISES.

Plain, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Frills, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., to 6s. 9d.
Needle Scollop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 9d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Stomacher Fronts, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 30s., to 50s.

LADIES' CALICO & TWILL BODIES.

Plain, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 10½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Trimmed, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.

CAMESOLS.

Mull Muslin, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Fronts, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 30s.

LADIES' DRAWERS.

Plain and Hem, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d, to 1s. 11d.
Seven Tucks, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., to 2s. 6d.
Ten Tucks, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Needle Scallop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., 21s., to 25s.
Insertion, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., to 25s.

LADIES' LONGCLOTH PETTICOATS.

With Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
With Insertion, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. 6d., to 60s.
With Flouncings, &c., 4s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 90s.
With Frill 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 45s.

FLANNEL PETTICOATS.

Lancashire, 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 10s. 6d.
Saxony, 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s., 15s., to 42s.
Coloured, ditto, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., to 36s.
Silk, Satin, Eider Down, Arctic, and a great variety of Fancy Skirts, at nominal prices.

LADIES' NIGHT CAPS.

Several Hundred, French Manufacture .. 4½d.
Ditto ditto .. 6½d.
Ditto London .. 8½d.
Ditto London, with Needlework .. 9½d.
Ditto .. 1s.
Ditto .. 1s. 3d.
Ditto .. 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Glasgow .. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.
Ditto, Alexandra .. 11½d.
Great Variety of Sleeping Nets.

LADIES' DRESSING GOWNS.

Printed Cambrics, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d. to 25s.
Ditto, Flannel, 10s. 11d., 15s., 21s., 30s., to 45s.
Ditto, Cashmere, 30s., 60s., 80s., to 140s.
White Muslin, 14s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 25s., to 50s.

TOILET.

Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d., to 18s. 11d.
Muslin, ditto, 5s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 15s., to 30s.
Printed Cambric, ditto, 2s. 11d. to 7s. 6d.

LADIES' FLANNEL, MERINO DRAWERS,

Etc., Etc.

White and Scarlet Saxony Drawers..5s. 11d. to 14s. 6d.
Welsh Flannel .. 6s. 11d. to 9s. 11d.
Swan Down .. 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Twill .. 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino .. 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool .. 5s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.

SINGLETS.

Flannel .. 3s. 9d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino Vests .. 1s. 11d. to 8s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool .. 3s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Merino Vests and Drawers, complete. 10s. 11d. to 15s. 0d.

LADIES' HOSE.

Thread, German make, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, English ditto, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Silk, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 16s. 6d.
Cotton, 3½d., 8½d., 11½d., to 3s. 6d.
Merino, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 5s.
Lambs' Wool, 1s. 6d., 2s., to 4s. 6d.
These are from the most celebrated Makers.

BABY LINEN.

Infant Shirts, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Cotton Binders, 4½d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., to 2s.
Flannel, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Flannel Barrows, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., to 25s.
Long Petticoats, 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., to 15s.
Night Caps, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 10½d., to 5s.
French Cambric Caps, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., to 15s.
Hair Cord Gowns, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
Calico Night Gowns, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Monthly Robes, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., 17s. 11d., 21s., to £6. 10s. each.

INFANT CHRISTENING Department.

CHRISTENING ROBES, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 11d., 15s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 160s.
FRENCH MERINO CLOAKS, braided, quilted, and trimmed, all of great beauty, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6., 12s. 6d., 15s., 18s. 6d., 21s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 60s., 90s., to 170s.
BEAUTIFUL HOODS and HATS, in CASHMERE, Silk, Velvet, and Felt, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., to 30s.
SILK and VELVET BONNETS, 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 15s.
90 dozen White Brussels and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
Quilted Bibs, 3d., 4d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 6s. 6d.

SHORT CLOTHES.

Round Shirts, 6½d., 7d., 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., to 4s. 6d.
Stays, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s. 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 15s.
Tucked Petticoats, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 18s.
Drawers, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 11d., to 10s. 6d.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' Department.

Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Night ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s.
Linen Collars, 3½d., 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

90 dozen Shirts, size, 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

500 Pieces 36 inch Longcloth .. .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5d.
70 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
10 Pieces Twill ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
32 inch Longcloth in proportion.
50 Pieces Haircord Muslin .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.
50 Pieces ¾ Linen Lawns .. .. .. 10½d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. 1s. 11d. to 3s.
50 Pieces Nainsook .. .. .. 4½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 10d.
15 Pieces ditto various, to .. 3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers .. .. 4½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 7½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
Napkins, ready for use, 7s. 11d. to 21s. per dozen.
10 Dozen Towels .. .. 5½d.
10 Dozen ditto .. .. 7½d.
10 Dozen ditto .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 2s.
5 Pieces ditto .. 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., and 10½d.
Several Hundred Yards Lace, 6½d., 8½d, to 5s. 6d.
Several Hundred Yards Real Valenciennes, 5½d., 6½d., 7½d., 8½d., to 2s. 6d.
Real Maltese Collars, 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto Cluny, 1s., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d., in great variety.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces, prices will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Laces, new patterns, low prices.
Black Falls, Pellerines, Jackets, Berthas, &c.

SEWED MUSLINS.

18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs .. 8½d.
50 Dozen Muslin Ties .. 9½d.
A very large assortment of Garibaldi Jackets, from 1s. 6d. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
About 15 Dozens Muslin Chemisettes, nicely worked, 11½d. to 15s.
Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen .. .. .. 11½d. half-dozen.
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 2½d. ,,
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 4½d. ,,
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 6½d. ,,
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 9d. ,,
50 Dozen .. .. .. 2s. ,,
And so on to .. .. .. 9s. ,,
Ready Hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 9s. ,,
Hem Stitched .. 4½d. to 5s. each
Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2,000.
Every Article Marked in Plain Figures.

VELOCIPEDES. WILMOT HOLT & Co.'s, 8, York-st., Manchester. VELOCIPEDES.

OUR SOCIAL SKETCH-BOOK.

WIDOWS.

It is a singular, though somewhat unaccountable fact, that widows, as a class, are unpopular. Why should they be so constantly sneered at, and slightingly spoken of, and made the targets for the shafts of their neighbours? Widowers, in their bereavement, receive ten times more sympathy from both sexes. Bachelors are highly popular characters, and even old maids command a higher respect, and are treated with greater consideration. If this be the case, and we believe it to be strictly correct, there must be some reason for what at first sight appears to be a gross injustice. Why should that conglomeration of individuals, known by the name of Society, conceive an antipathy to a class of people who are at least supposed to be afflicted, and comparatively helpless? We fancy one reason is, that Society finds that, as a rule, they are neither one nor the other, but that, on the contrary, widows show very considerable powers of self-assertion, and have not the slightest intention of mourning over the loss of their deceased spouses. Society resents this, accordingly, and rather sympathises with the custom which requires the widow of the Indian Brahmin to immolate herself on the funereal pyre of her deceased husband. It is a habit among some of the lower animals to persecute those of their own species which become diseased and ailing. When an unfortunate hen in a poultry yard has the pip, and becomes ill, all the others in the harem immediately set upon her, and peck her to death. Something of the same sort occurs with widows. We except those women who become widows when they are old, and who have arrived at a season of serenity, when it is supposed that they want little of anyone, and nobody wants anything of them; but young and middle-aged widows, after the days of mourning are supposed to be over (days which occupy about as long a time as the duration of the first trappings and suits of woe), are looked upon with a certain amount of suspicion and distrust. This is odd, and we fancy it arises partly from a certain feeling of jealousy in favour of the memory of the deceased husband, and partly from a general experience, that the well-worn phrases, "a designing widow," and "a scheming widow," have been illustrated so persistently, and confirmed so constantly, that exceptions to the contrary only prove the accuracy of the terms. No sooner has the widow of the late lamented Mr. Jones doffed her weeds, nay, before she has even freed herself from these depressing and hearse-like habiliments, than people will have it that she is already setting her dejected cap at either Brown or Robinson. In this case, as Thackeray says, "the widow plays her black suit, and sets her bright eyes, against the rich bachelor," elderly or young as may be.

Authors, sacred and profane, have found in widows endless subjects for their inspiration, their moralising, their scoffs, their shafts of ridicule, their savage jests. When St. Paul writes to Timothy, his "own son in the faith," he devotes a considerable portion of his first letter to the subject of widows, alluding to those who are "widows," and those who are "widows indeed." We are not going to quote all the trenchant observations of the Apostle of the Gentiles upon the subject, as those of our readers who have forgotten them know where to find them. Modern writers of fiction seem to find a perfect mine of wealth in the same subject, and we must confess that we have found their delineations vastly entertaining. Dickens has supplied us with some familiar illustrations of the species. First, there is old Weller's second wife, who was a widow. "Beware of widders," exclaims old Tony to his son Sam; and well might he say so, for what with her tantrums, her naggings, her psalm-singing propensities, her partiality to the red-nosed, pine-apple-rum-drinking "Shepherd," she led old Weller a dog's life of it. Then there is Mrs. Nickleby, a well-meaning woman, but, at the same time, a most exasperating and incorrigible old fool. It says worlds for Nicholas and Kate that they put up with the old idiot in the patient, good-natured way they did. Mr. Pickwick's Mrs. Bardell, of "chops and tomato sauce" notoriety, is another specimen of the Tartar widow; but equally as formidable as any of these bereaved matrons, is that doleful specimen, Mrs. Gummidge, who revelled in gloom and misery. Even the cheerful, tender-hearted Daniel Peggotty could make nothing of her. Mrs. Weller married a second husband, we know; Mrs. Bardell went great lengths to secure Mr. Pickwick, and got heavy damages out of that ill-used gentleman; Mrs. Nickleby was greatly flattered and pleased with the attentions which she received, in the shape of vegetable marrows thrown over the wall, from the eccentric and crazy gentleman who lived next door, and no doubt she would have accepted him, and made a match of it, had she not been looked after by her friends. We verily believe that even old Mrs. Gummidge, if she had not designs upon Daniel Peggotty himself, would have married the first man who asked her, and gone on with her dismal wailings to the end of the chapter.

Good, simple-minded Sir Roger De Coverley, speaking of Andromache, the widow of Hector, remarks, "You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow," and upon Pyrrhus' threatening to leave her, the Knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can," and whispered, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world." Now we are disposed to think that much of the perverseness alluded to by Sir Roger, and the other qualities mentioned by St. Paul, arise from want of occupation, idleness, and ennui. According to popular belief and Dr. Watts, the Enemy of mankind "finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do," and widows, as a class, seem to have abundant time upon their hands for the pursuit of that industry. They are, as Touchstone says, "in a parlous state, Shepherd." Some hours of regular daily drudgery we hold to be absolutely essential to human happiness. Work is the only tonic which gives zest to the appetite for leisure. An idle man is an unhappy being, and an idle woman is not one whit better off. Why, even country gentlemen, who are supposed to have abundance of leisure on their hands, find it absolutely necessary, in the intervals between quarter sessions, to devote themselves to hunting, and other field sports, five days a week; and if anyone thinks that regular following of the hounds, and trudging over heather and stubble from morning until night, is child's play, let him try it, that's all. Your idle widow does not hunt the fox, but she takes to the pursuit of the biped, man, and in the chase for a second husband she runs that animal to earth with the keenness and determination of the most ardent fox-hunter. It is surprising how frequently even the most sincere and afflicted mourning widow enters into this pursuit with the utmost ardour. The mourning bride envelops herself in robes of crape and bombazine, and, making broad her phylacteries, retires from human gaze, behind impenetrable veils, and the next thing you hear about her is, that she is about to console herself with another husband. Even some of Thackeray's soft, tender-hearted widows, slip quietly into second marriages. Did not Harry Esmond marry a widow old enough to be his mother, and the silly, soft-hearted widow of George Osborne, after mourning for that worthless young officer, marry Major Dobbin, after all? We are almost inclined to think that Helen Pendennis herself would have married the curate, had it not been for Pen, who wouldn't stand it. That abominable creature, Becky Sharp, after she became the widow of Rawdon Crawley, went rapidly from bad to worse. After victimising fat Jos. Sedley, and, figuratively speaking, making away with him, under suspicious circumstances, by either the dagger or the bowl, what does the author do with the widowed Rebecca? Why, he shows her up, distributing tracts for the conversion of the Washee Indians, attending prayer meetings, joining Dorcas societies, and presiding at Bazaar stalls. The odious creature, after a life of iniquity, deceit, robbery, and every crime and abomination, betakes herself to hypocrisy and cant. Had Thackeray ever written a sequel to *Vanity Fair*, we have little doubt that we should have found the adventuress married again, and more wicked and vicious than ever.

Your determined marrying widow steadfastly sets her face towards the hymeneal goal, and will not be turned aside. With her it is always

leap-year, and if she does not succeed it will be from no lack of advances on her part. This boldness is one of the most effective weapons in her armoury. If she cannot sap and undermine the citadel of the Colonel or the Major, she will storm the weakly defended outworks of the Lieutenant or Cornet. Age is no object. She will be satisfied either with a man old enough to be her father, or young enough to be her son. If she cannot capture the Rector, she can at least make a more successful attempt upon the Curate. If the Squire's broad acres don't provide a resting place for the sole of her foot, she will content herself with making a raid upon the fat beeves and homesteads of the tenant farmer. One thing is certain, that the marrying widow, with an inordinate desire for a second husband, will leave no stone unturned to accomplish her end, and, sooner or later, will succeed in capturing somebody; for, ruthlessly and remorselessly, she will pursue her victim with all the cunning of the fox and rapacity of the wolf, until he gives up the game, and surrenders at discretion, or perishes in his efforts to escape. Sometimes the artful widow, if she has children, makes use of her wiles and schemes on their behalf, contenting herself with pulling the strings, and making a sort of mock martyr of herself. Thackeray has left us a specimen of this type in Mrs. Mackenzie, in *The Newcomes*, perhaps the greatest she-devil which the mind of a novelist ever conceived. She must have been a portrait from real life, and, as Carlyle said of Mr. and Mrs. Caudle, "a squeak of the real pig." The fiendish cruelty of that female dragon, her persecution of the tender-hearted Colonel Newcome, and nagging and worrying of her son-in-law, Clive, are terrible, and make the reader shudder, and thank Heaven that, among his miseries, he has at least escaped so awful a curse. The exigencies of the story did not permit of that Jezabel marrying again, but as she is described as a fine woman, and her weak-minded daughter died, we have little doubt that she consoled herself ultimately with another husband.

Of quite a different type is Mrs. Bountiful, relict of the late Jack Bountiful, who was not exactly a bad husband, but as he spent his whole time shooting, hunting, and racing, and was partial to the pleasures of the table, and the society of boon companions, his wife had not altogether an easy time of it with him. Now that she is left with a handsome income, she has very little care or trouble, and enjoys her liberty and independence vastly. Being a good-looking, kind-hearted woman, with a good income, and no incumbrances, she has plenty of admirers. No occasion for her to go fishing and hunting amid the matrimonial preserves, as she has definite proposals made to her, at least every six months. As she is at the head of a considerable establishment, and has numerous friends and relatives constantly with her, she has plenty of occupation, and time does not hang heavy on her hands. Whether, when her liberty begins to cloy, Mrs. Bountiful will become less obdurate, and yield to the repeated solicitations of some of her numerous suitors, we cannot say, but think it extremely probable.

Contemporary history proves the insatiable desire of some widows to marry again. A notorious *cause celèbre*, which has occupied the attention of the Bench at intervals for years, reveals to us the unseemly spectacle of two women scrambling for possession of the same man, and the marriage of one of them, the widow of a distinguished man, to a gallant officer whose character does not bear the strictest investigation, and whose views about matrimony are, to say the least of them, vague. Do not fashionable contemporaries inform us every day of the fêtes, entertainments, and "at homes" of a noble Countess, who is now enjoying the companionship of her fourth husband, a man of fashion, and a Cabinet minister? We fear that even these excellent persons, the Widow Bountiful, and the ex-widow of two peers, of one son of a peer, and wife of a great officer of State, would scarcely pass muster with Paul the Apostle, who, even while he was yet "Saul breathing out threatenings and slaughter," was a shrewd man of the world, and, judging from his letter to Timothy, young widows seem to have been a terrible "thorn in his flesh." Something, however, might perhaps be said to the contrary, for a lady in her second widowhood once remarked to us that she declined to take St. Paul's opinion on the subject, as "he was a fusty old bachelor."

High Seasoning.—*Attic* salt.

A Picture of Bad Luck.—A prize in a shilling art-union.

A STUDY OF TENNYSON.

In reading certain passages of Mr. Tanish's *Study of Tennyson*,* we experienced a thrill of pleasure as if we had suddenly grasped a friend's hand. We have all had the feeling, foolish and egotistical as it may be, in poring over the works of a beloved author, as if there were shades of thought and tones of expression in the pages which none but ourselves had the sympathetic instinct to discover. Just as there are lovely lonely nooks in the hollows of unexplored mountains, or in the windings of a forgotten stream, which we pride ourselves on being the first to light upon. We visit our appropriated haunt one day, and find a white tent umbrella pitched there. We are inclined at first to hate the intruding artist. But better feelings prevail, and on the strength of a common love for stream and shade we strike up a magnanimous friendship. With somewhat similar emotions did we come upon some choice bits of criticism in Mr. Tanish's book, which we recognised as the expression of our own unuttered thought. We, too, had petted that delicious line; we, too, had feasted our eyes on that constellation of gem-like words. The title of the book is prepossessing. In these days of flippant criticism, when almost every man who can read supposes himself capable of passing literary judgments, and when books that represent the result of years of mature thought are tossed aside after an hour's careless perusal, it is refreshing to meet with a modesty and reverence that have made an appreciative study of the works of our Laureate. The object of Mr. Tanish's book is not to utter an individual opinion of the merits of Tennyson's poems, which would probably be lost in the general clamour of praise that surrounds them. Still less is it to pluck a leaf from laurels so justly won. Rather it is to aid the less critical and analytical reader to discover some of the hidden beauties of the master's works, and, by a general classification of these, to show the range of his genius and the scope of his ethical teaching.

When a poet, like Tennyson, has attained the meridian of his fame, it is inevitable that a great deal of ignorant and undiscriminating applause should be mingled with the verdict of the true judges; that Tennyson, in his turn, should succeed Tupper and Longfellow as the "favourite poet" of scores of young men and maidens who would be unable to give the most meagre analysis of his simplest poems. Many, moreover, may have a sincere gratitude for a poet who has stirred their deepest and noblest emotions, and made them for a time greater than themselves, and yet, from want of intellectual culture, their feelings are acted upon rather by the colour and music of the artist's words than by the subtler beauty of the idea. Perhaps the very lucidity of Tennyson's style is apt to mislead the reader into a hasty perusal. The first impression produced by his poems is not, like those of Robert Browning, an impression of riddles to solve. Torn along by the impetuous rhythm, or lulled by the soothing cadence or the silvery fall of the rhymes, we forget to ask ourselves if we understand all that the poet meant. Mr. Tanish has done us good service. We shall not be the less soothed or stirred by the lyric force or loveliness of the song, when we trace the skill with which the images are combined and the colours laid on: when we discern the higher spirit to which the form is subservient.

It is the peculiar advantage of works which reach the emotions through the intellect, to preserve their charm the longest. The pale, delicate hues of intellectual beauty are less fragile and transient than the flaunting blossoms of a heated, sensuous imagination. English lyric poetry is

---

A Study of Tennyson. By E. Campbell Tanish. London: Chapman and Hall.

especially rich in this type of beauty, and Tennyson has carried it to its highest perfection. Books like his lose half their value if a subtle allusion is undetected, or if the links of logical association, hidden beneath the flower of imagery, escape notice. Sincere and thoroughgoing as is Mr. Tanish's admiration for Tennyson, it does not amount to a blind idolatry. He allows himself to see a defect in the artistic treatment of certain repulsive characters, such as Vivien, the brother in *Maud*, A Character, &c. It is on this point that the *Spectator* joins issue with Mr. Tanish in its review of his first edition. But Mr. Tanish maintains his original ground, namely, that Tennyson fails artistically in the depicting of those characters with which he has no sympathy. Speaking of Vivien, Mr. Tanish says:—"Not only is your moral sensibility offended by the woman Vivien, your sensibility is jarred by her portraiture. * * A pure mind has a right to expect pleasure in such a poem, artistic pleasure, that is, in the portraiture of that which in itself is morally repulsive." If Mr. Tanish means that the impression produced by the poem should not be one of unmixed pain, we agree with him. But then this can assuredly not be said of Vivien, in which the repulsiveness of the central figure is relieved by the marvellous painting of the accessories. But Mr. Tanish evidently means more than this, and we are forced to differ from him. That the thing pourtrayed should offend the moral sense, and yet that the portraiture should not be unpleasing, is surely making a demand upon the artist's power which is inconsistent with perfect truthfulness. All we can require of the artist is that he shall impress the imagination with the truth of the fact. If the art-sensibility be jarred by such a representation, why then we say that it ought to be; and moreover, that such painful impressions are not incompatible with a genuine feeling of satisfaction in the contemplation of the whole work from an æsthetic point of view, but that they rather contribute to it, just as the discords in music form a large element in its beauty. We suspect that Mr. Tanish's criticism is founded upon the principle that to give pleasure is the ultimate end of art, and this appears to us a radical error, fatal in its development to the perfection of art, and destructive of all noble aspiration in its pursuit.

One of Mr. Tanish's remarks we cannot refrain from endorsing. "Epithets form the crucial test of the poet. All men see as much of a thing as the noun expresses. The poet sees more, and his epithet reveals the 'more' that he sees." It is an almost infallible test of a true poet that his epithets are flashed back upon you from the very objects which they characterise. They may have been buried in your memory for years, but at the moment when some unwonted phase of nature breaks upon you, and demands expression, their unsuspected truthfulness is at once revealed. And no poet has surpassed Tennyson in his power of stamping these living epithets on the scenes he characterises. But we are thinking of Tennyson rather than of Mr. Tanish. And it is perhaps one of the chief merits of the latter that this is inevitable. To dwell upon the commentary more than on the theme is like looking AT a window instead of looking THROUGH it. To look AT a window is only rendered possible by the flaws and impurities in the glass.

The *Riverside Echo*, published at Portland, tells the following story of a dog:—"The children were in the habit of sliding down a hill near the house, accompanied by a favourite dog. Early one morning they discovered that the dog had taken the sled, drawn it to the top, and was now sliding down hill all alone by himself; and this was frequently repeated."

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

WRITERS are fond of setting down their own blunders and inadvertencies as "printer's errors." To the injury of charging that inky but innocent individual with a crime he never committed, is added the insult of making him set up the accusation with his own hands. So keenly do we feel the indignation which must often burn within the bosom of that injured and insulted party, that we will not accuse him of the horrible barbarism—"*corpora vilia*"—with which our last week's paragraph upon the *Daily News* concluded; though we find it difficult to believe that our classical pen could be guilty, even in an inadvertent moment, of so terrible a slip. But our classical pen appears to have been on what is vulgarly termed "the spree" last week; for in the same column we find it guilty of treating the very honourable audience which hissed *After Dark*, so ungrammatically as to speak of it first in the singular number and then in the plural—besides indulging in certain other little escapades which we are willing to set down to the eccentricity of our genius rather than the inattention of our printer. In return for our magnanimity, we trust that the benefitted and complimented party will in future kindly refrain from his well-meaning but rather irritating practice of carefully removing our commas from the ends of our phrases, and equally carefully inserting them in the middle.

Stupid honesty is much more apt to offend men than clever insincerity. Sensible politicians, of all opinions, must have been over and over again disgusted with the incoherent bunkum of the little boy who represents Salford in parliament. A youthful body is not a fault, but an infantile mind is. The speeches which this simple enthusiast rehearses to grown-up people resemble the bombastic compositions which one wrote at school, the feeble attempts to be witty and humorous which the magazines decline with thanks, and the grandiloquence of poems which are "printed for the author." They sound like the rhapsodies of a precocious child which has got out of its perambulator and dodged its nurse. A little while ago the infant madly declared itself the special agent of God to wreak the divine wrath on Mr. Gladstone, and, with the rashness of the very greenest puerility, publicly dedicated its life to so doing. The infatuated youth openly avowed his belief that he was the chosen of heaven. Now that he has been very properly told he made a donkey of himself, he brings forward the defence that the gods are not apathetic, and that all men are their agents. Of course they are: then why should his infantile egotism make mention—and so ludicrously—of his private commission? He has his answer ready: Mr. Bright did something similar. The little boy cannot see that there are different ways of doing the same thing—that it may be done sublimely, and it may be done ridiculously—that much depends on the person who does it; that genius may do what foolishness may not; that still more depends on the occasion; and that an oration by Mr. Bright is a great event, while a chatter by Mr. Charley is a laughable one. It is the weakness of intellect that cannot comprehend this, and the dulness of instinct that cannot divine it, of which Salford ought to be ashamed.

What is the matter with our City clocks? The prevailing human ailments are attributed to the east winds, and the badness of trade to a scarcity of cotton, and consequent scarcity of brass. Our clocks are all literally at sixes and sevens, and "What's the time of day?" has become a question as difficult to answer as Sir Robert Peel's problem, "What is a pound?" A few days since, we passed the Cathedral, at what our own chronometer (warranted) declared was 10 a.m. The newly titivated timepiece of that venerable edifice signified, by its three dials that the hour was a quarter to twelve. Ben. Lang's clock announced the hour to be half-past seven, while the clock at the Victoria Railway Station and Mc Ferran's public timepiece varied fully ten minutes. After reaching the Royal Exchange, we found that at one end of the room it was ten minutes past ten, and at the other end it was a quarter-past. This we imagined was sufficient for one day, but we were mistaken. At three in the afternoon certain duties called us to the neighbourhood of Knot Mill, and the clock of St. John's Church stood precisely at twenty minutes past twelve. Fifteen minutes brought us within sight of St. Peter's Church, and the gift of Mr. Ivie Mackie, which has afforded a theme for jokes by the mummers in the

Pantomime at the Prince's Theatre, declared the time to be twenty minutes past six! Finally, the Infirmary clock was standing, as it had been for days past, at a point which we really can't trouble ourselves to remember. Ghost of the late Peter Clare, how do you feel?

The leading article in the *Examiner and Times* which yesterday week disposed of the Bishop of Manchester and Mr. Charley was a masterpiece of smartness. Apart from political and ecclesiastical opinions (with which we have nothing to do and, of course, do not endorse), we know of nothing out of London to compare with these occasional outbursts of the *Examiner*. Indeed, the London papers rarely equal them. We wonder whether half the readers of the *Examiner* peruse its leading articles, and whether half of those who do perceive how clever a pen is at work in those leaded columns. Compare the feeble commonplaces of the *Guardian* to the trenchant sentences which tell the bishop—with a boldness and a vigour all their own—what sort of a servant of his Lord he is, conventionalities and libel-laws despite. Such a pen is worthy of all honour. We rejoice in a possession equally glorious to reader and writer, and we hope health and strength may continue to attend it.

A correspondent in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has flatly told Messrs. Oxenford and Blanchard, the dramatic critics of the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph* respectively, that in their notice of Mr. Tom Taylor's new play, *Won by a Head*, they—narrated events which had not happened. He says that overnight he saw and heard the piece damned, but in the morning he read that it succeeded. At night not an actor was called before the curtain; in the morning nearly all were. And this is not clairvoyant writing. At least we think not. On the opening night of the new Gaiety Theatre, we ourselves saw the play then acted damned—unmistakably damned—wholly damned—utterly damned—in fact, as damned as it could be. The *Times* declared it perfectly successful, and that was no clairvoyant criticism; for there was Mr. Oxenford before our very eyes all evening, sitting at the right-hand side of the front row of stalls—aye, sitting there when people actually were asking for their entrance money back; and so great was the uproar that the performance had to be stayed, at its very crisis, while some one came forward and addressed the audience. Mr. Alfred Wigan had to "try back" several speeches, and when he again arrived at the point where he had been interrupted, rushed into a long-lost daughter's arms—the very acme of the plot! There was Mr. Oxenford all the time.

This same Gaiety Theatre is a magnificent house. You pay your money at the door—you are shown into a comfortable seat—you are presented with a scented programme (ladies with bouquets and fans)—there are refreshment and retiring rooms on every floor—the evening papers are provided—and there is telegraphic communication with the Houses of Parliament, from which reports of progress arrive every half hour. In effect, all faults of management are done away with, except the inveterate one of raising the curtain for a moment at the end of every act, and letting actors strut before it after that. The curtain is chocolate-coloured, not green—which we regret—but harmonises well with the splendid interior. The tiers are not conventionally uniform, but broken into bold and transverse curves. The sides of the proscenium are gorgeous clumps of pillars, and the cosy boxes round the back of the trellised balcony which replaces the conventional dress-circle are a delightful innovation. The scenery is lovely, with a depth and a perspective seldom seen, and the whole house stands unapproached by any other English theatre.

The pantomime at the Prince's Theatre terminated its long and brilliant career last night. Success may generally be traced to some accident or other, and in this respect the success of the pantomime was not peculiar. It is said that the principal scenery intended for the pantomime was destroyed by fire a few weeks before Boxing night. In this emergency Mr. Calvert went up to London, and secured the waterfall scene from the Alhambra, where it had enjoyed a long popularity. It is possible that the accident awakened the manager's energy in other directions, but it is undeniable that the waterfall scene was the most attractive feature of the pantomime. The libretto was not very brilliant, and it is doubtful if Mr. Brough would have cared to associate his name with it in London. On the other hand, owing to the genuine humour and the facial power of the clown, the pantomime business was really amusing. No one who saw the pantomime frequently could fail to notice the gradual improvement made by the different actors. But a little too much license seemed to be allowed them, and latterly, as they grew contemptuously familiar with their parts, their interpolations were not invariably funny. The gentleman who played King Counterfeit was the chief offender, and his habit of putting himself on familiar terms with the pit, often detracted from the mock solemnity which is one of the greatest elements in the humour of burlesque.

We were attracted by an advertisement to a meeting last Sunday evening, at which two gentlemen *(sic)* discussed the somewhat interesting question as to "The Existence of Deity." The scene of the encounter was the remarkably secular-looking dancing-saloon, near All Saints', described in our columns a fortnight ago, and the audience, with few exceptions, seemed to consist of well-to-do mechanics and small tradesmen. The gentleman who undertook the affirmative side, although he no doubt had the advantage over his opponent as far as the sympathies of his hearers went, was very inferior to him in point of ability. So much so, that if it is possible to imagine a person speaking the English language and attending this meeting quite unbiassed on the subject, there is very little doubt that he would have taken the Deist for the timid disciple of some experimental creed, while he would have taken the more confident Atheist for the indignant religious Tory of the period. We may say of the Deist that his arguments were never so weak as when they were intelligible, while to the Atheist it must be granted that, if not original, he was at least familiar with many of the most telling arguments which have been invented on his side. Our object in noticing this meeting is to point out the utter futility of holding such discussions at all. No one can believe in the existence of God by the mere force of reason; he has to feel that he believes. If one man looks at the question steadily through his reason, while another man looks at it as steadily through his feelings, they can no more agree about it than they could agree as to the colour of a white post if each looked at it through a differently coloured piece of glass. And if the two gentlemen grant us thus much, to continue to argue the point would be as absurd as if, starting on parallel roads, they expected to meet if they only walked long enough.

A DAY AFTER THE FAIR.

Goats and Monkeys.—Othello.

On Monday last, when most of the shows had left Knot Mill, we visited Manders's Menagerie to see the wild animals fed, as announced. The show is a very good one, and does credit to the enterprise of the proprietor. The collection of lions is particularly good. It struck us that there was a good deal of sham ferocity displayed by these noble beasts while Maccomo, the Negro lion-tamer, was in the den. A concealed gong was sounded to simulate the roar of the animals, and they did not appear to us to be particularly hungry when their food was brought. The baby elephant is a great curiosity. There are some ugly animals called Prairie demons and Tasmanian devils, but the only objectionable feature in the exhibition was the presence of two goats, which mingled freely with the numerous spectators present. These disgusting-looking animals walked on two legs, and carried short silver-mounted canes with their fore feet. They leered perpetually, and stared every honest woman out of countenance. Unlike the well-known and respected patriarch which marches in front of the Welsh Fusiliers, they are without beards, and wear only a mangy hirsute appendage on their upper lips. Upon inquiry we were told that these repulsive-looking animals came from—the Barracks. We sincerely hope the information is not correct.

ADVICE TO HOUSEWIVES

With Women's Rights Proclivities.

[After Pope.]

A lack of darning is a dangerous thing!
Patch deep, and taste not the Beckerian spring.

THE LAY OF THE LAW-STUDENT.

As in my solitary den
My goose's quill I twirl,
I can't help thinking, now and then,
I wish I was a girl.

Disgusted with the heat and grime
Of man's laborious lot,
I fancy what an easy time
Luxurious woman's got.

How hard it is to have to toil
At morning, noon, and night;
To swelter in the sun, and spoil
Our eyes with gas's light.

To have to work one's hands and head,
Each day, without a mutter,
In order just to earn its bread—
Say nothing of its butter.

To have to fight with other men
More strong than you and clever—
To have pitched battles now and then,
And skirmishes for ever.

To have to bandy blows and strife,
Receiving more than giving;
To sacrifice the ends of life,
To get the means of living.

How jolly it must be to sit
At home with nought to do,
Except to crochet, tat, and knit,
And look the washing through.

To have no business to attend—
No midnight oil to burn;
One's solitary task—to spend
What other people earn.

To dress for parties, shows, and balls;
To chatter—never stopping;
To pay a round of morning calls,
Or else to go out shopping.

To cling to female lips like wax,
When one's before their faces;
And, when one is behind their backs,
To pull at them grimaces.

To wash the baby, if a wife;
If not, to flirt with friends;
To utilise the means of life
In gaining living's ends.

But, after all, though woman's lot
Seems easier than man's,
One blessing I had quite forgot,
Which balances its bans.

If he's were all created she's,
He's would not worship her's;
That gender would no longer please
Which manhood now prefers.

I'm on the whole contented, then;
My thoughts I have recanted:
How fortunate it is for men
Their wishes don't get granted.

No more I'll let my fancy whirl;
My lot I will not pity;
I will not wish I was a girl,
But settle down to Chitty.

REMINISCENCES OF THE STAGE IN MANCHESTER.

VII.—JAMES BROWNE. MARIE WILTON.

As these reminiscences are not intended to embody an exact chronological history of the Manchester Stage, but partake more of a fugitive nature, we may be pardoned the seeming anachronism of noticing a few actors and actresses without binding ourselves to the exact order in which they appeared before Manchester audiences. This city may justly claim a large interest in the veteran actor whose name stands at the head of this paper, and may almost mark him for her own, for although Browne, familiarly known as "Gentleman Browne" and "Jim Browne," was for many years a popular favourite in London, Liverpool, Dublin, and the United States, he perhaps played more in Manchester than in any of those places, particularly during the latter portion of his career, by which he is best known to the present generation of play-goers. There is an old tradition that James Browne trod the boards of the Manchester stage in the year 1800. We believe his name is in the bills in 1809, and not long since a gentleman informed us that he was one of the audience in the Manchester Theatre Royal, when the news arrived of the victory of Waterloo, which caused a commotion in the theatre, and that Browne was a member of the company at that time. After dividing his time for some years between Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin, Browne went to London, and speedily established himself as a great favourite, chiefly in eccentric and light comedy characters. Those who only remember Browne of late years, when, although full of much of his old fire and spirit, his features had become hard and marked with age and work, will be surprised to learn that in his youth he was a remarkably graceful, handsome young man. Mr. Isaac Thornley, of the Crown Inn, has a lithographic portrait of him, which conveys an idea of what he must have looked like at his best. One remarkable peculiarity about his face was the extreme distance between his eyes, which were set so far apart in his head as to give him a peculiarly wide-awake look, resembling a hare when she is sitting "at attention," and can see behind her.

After completing an engagement in America, Browne returned to this country, and reappeared as a star in Manchester, at the Queen's Theatre, performing there during the greater portion of the time when the present Theatre Royal was being built. A few years after it opened, Browne accepted an engagement, and played there for some time as a regular member of the stock company. He quickly re-established himself in the good graces of a Manchester audience and of "a generation which knew not Joseph," by no means an easy task to accomplish. If an actor wishes to retain his hold upon a community, it does not do for him to absent himself too long. Even the tastes of audiences for a particular style of acting change, and it almost seems that a certain amount of accord between the actor and the audience is necessary to ensure complete success, and the more sure and confident the actor is of his audience, the more effectively will he perform. Although at this time Browne was comparatively old, and unfitted for some of the impersonations of his more youthful days, he continued to perform a large range of characters with unflagging energy and spirit. His best parts were Rover in *Wild Oats*, Robert Macaire, Goldfinch in *The Road to Ruin*, Sam Hobbs in *A Nabob for an Hour* (a character in which he played the most fantastic tricks with his wig), Grindoff the miller, The Dougal Cratur' in *Rob Roy*, and others. He also played some of Shakespere's characters very efficiently, amongst others, Sir Hugh Evans, the Welsh parson, Mer-

cutio, Gratiano, and Roderigo. But, to our thinking, the best of all Browne's characters was his Goldfinch. In this part he absolutely revelled, playing it with great breadth, colouring, and unction; and although he brought the vulgar coarseness of the character into due prominence, he contrived never to make it offensive. Some characters seem to suit certain actors like a well-fitting kid glove. We don't allude to parts which are ostensibly written for the peculiarities of particular actors, a custom which is not calculated to advance either the art of the dramatist, or develop the resources of the actor. Let a good character be created and written, and, sooner or later, artists will be found who will not only realise but surpass the dramatist's own conception. Thus the Louis the Eleventh of Charles Kean, the blind girl, Iolanthe, of Helen Faucit, when originally produced, and the Belphegor of Dillon, are complete and perfect embodiments of those characters; and who that has seen Compton play "Metrolopus" Blenkinsop, would ever care to see anyone else assume the part of that famous flunkey? In this category was the Goldfinch of James Browne, a character in which he never failed to arouse the audience to the greatest enthusiasm. He looked the character, and although latterly he discarded the appropriate white cords and tops (perhaps because he hadn't got them handy), and wore his well-known familiar sky-blue pantaloons tightly strapped over his shapely limbs, a sporting coat with huge buttons, a horsey cravat, and bell-shaped hat, he was the Newmarket *leg* all over. The contemptuous scorn and disgust with which he exclaimed, "Trade! damn trade!" the manner in which he bantered and rallied the Widow, and kept repeating the phrase, "Demmee, that's your sort," were inimitable; and he gave the description of the race at the Spring Meeting with such dash and power that he fairly lashed his audience into a roar of approbation and applause, and was sometimes actually called upon to repeat it. When it is considered that, during the latter portion of Browne's career on the Manchester stage, his health had given way and he was really infirm, the energy and spirit which he displayed were astonishing. After finally taking leave of Manchester, Browne sailed some years since for America, where, we believe, he had relatives. More than once his death has been announced, but has afterwards been contradicted, and we understand that at a recent date he was still alive.

Passing from the mellow tints of autumn and the hoary frosts of winter to the buds and blossoms of spring, we encounter the fresh face and dainty figure of that lively, arch, and vivacious little actress, Miss Marie Wilton. Some twenty years ago, Miss Wilton—then a mere child—was a member of the stock company of the Theatre Royal, but even then she showed much of the talent which has since rendered her conspicuous on the metropolitan boards. We do not generally anticipate a very favourable result from juvenile precocity or infant phenomena, and rather put faith in talent which flowers late. Master Betty, the Young Roscius of former days, accomplished little when he came to man's estate; and even the Infant Sappho of our own time failed to fulfil the promise of her infancy. Miss Wilton, however, is an instance to the contrary. Old playgoers will remember Miss Wilton playing child's parts, Shakesperian fays, and all the flibbertigibbets of the drama. Such parts as Little Pickle in *The Spoiled Child* and *The Four Mowbrays*, she made quite her own.

When Miss Glyn, the tragedienne, and now almost the sole representative of such parts as Queen Constance, Lady Macbeth, and Cleopatra, made her first appearance on any stage at the Manchester Theatre Royal, in *King John*, Miss Wilton undertook the part of Prince Arthur, and, in the scene where Hubert threatens to burn out his eyes, her acting was so pathetic as to move the audience to tears, and Mr. Charles Kemble, Miss Glyn's instructor, who was seated in the boxes, started up, exclaiming, "That child will make an actress some day." While still quite a young girl Miss Wilton went to London, and soon made a hit at the little Strand Theatre, in burlesque characters. Her petite figure, her acuteness and pointed delivery of the text, established her as one of the most promising juvenile comic actresses of the day. Fortunately her intelligence was too great to be spoiled by such practice as modern burlesque acting, which, professionally speaking, has been the ruin of many a promising young actress. After performing in a succession of such pieces at the Strand, Miss Wilton went for a season to the Haymarket, and performed there in a somewhat similar line of characters, and we well remember seeing her there a dozen years since in an extravaganza called *Atalanta and the Golden Apples*, in which piece a race was run with Mr. Compton as Pedagogus, the competitors crossing the stage several times at full speed, and the popular comedian being beaten in a canter at the finish. Miss Wilton afterwards became the manageress of the little theatre by the Tottenham Court Road, the name of which was changed to its present title, the Prince of Wales Theatre. Since that event, fortunate both for herself and the public, she has mostly eschewed burlesque, and devoted herself to high comedy, for which she has shown the greatest aptitude.

Within the last few years Miss Wilton has become well known in Manchester, through her engagements at the Prince's Theatre. She is completely identified with her company, and her company with her, and both with Mr. T. W. Robertson's comedies. The performances of Miss Wilton's Company and the Haymarket Company have been about the highest dramatic treats which this city has had the opportunity of enjoying for some years, but there is this difference between the two companies, that whereas the Haymarket Corps, so far as actors go, is almost entirely composed of veterans, the Prince of Wales' Company consists, for the most part, of fresh juvenile performers. It is rather remarkable that, while Mr. Buckstone's troupe, with the exception of Mr. Kendal, consists of men past middle age (Mr. Howe's waist begins to get very rotund for juvenile characters), his actresses vary almost every season, Miss Angell, Miss Moore, Miss Robertson, and Miss Cavendish having succeeded each other in quick succession. Mr. Sothern, who is not particularly juvenile, and quite looks his age, we scarcely consider a regular member of the Haymarket Company, as he confines himself almost exclusively to characters written for himself, and takes no part in the old standard comedies revived from time to time, and which form their staple entertainments in the provinces. It can hardly be said of Mr. Sothern that he "in his time plays many parts," and, without wishing to make invidious comparisons, we consider Mr. W. Farren, formerly of the Haymarket, the superior actor of the two. Miss Wilton, on the contrary, has about the youngest and freshest staff of actors in London. Mr. Hare, a most finished actor, is comparatively a novice, and Mr. Sydney Bancroft, Mr. H. J. Montague, Mr. Collette, and others were unknown to the stage a few years since. Even such actors as Mr. George Honey and Mr. J. Clarke are comparatively young men. Miss Wilton herself is now at her best, and we are glad to say that her burlesques have not spoiled her. She has genuine dramatic instinct, and we verily believe could play any part in the whole range of the drama respectably. Her refined pathos is always touching and effective, while her vivacity and *naiveté* are most entertaining and enlivening. After all, most people go to the theatre to be enlivened and amused. When Polly Eccles, in *Caste*, banters the heavy dragoon, and asks him if he really can go below tongue and

condescend to ham, and wishes to know if *He* ever *Spoons*, we own to a feeling of cheerful light-heartedness which compensates for a great deal of the discomfort arising from the cramped position in which we are forced to sit during the performance, probably with someone's knees cunningly inserted into the small of our back for a lengthened period of time. Of late years Mr. Robertson has had a great and often a genuine success, and has distributed his dramas between Mr. Sothern, Miss Wilton, and other managers. We must say that we think Mr. Robertson never has so much justice done to his plays as when he has Miss Wilton and her Company as his interpreters, and that the Prince of Wales Company never appear to such advantage as they do when illustrating Mr. Robertson's fancies. Some two years since Miss Wilton married Mr. Sydney Bancroft, the clever delineator of guardsmen, heavy dragoons, and modern swells. We trust ere long to see more of herself and her clever company at one of the Manchester theatres.

CROSSING SWORDS WITH H.M.'S INNISKILLINGS.

II.—THE CLOSE.

NOW, for the real tug of war. The competitors, it will be remembered, have been reduced to four—Corporals Mc Kee, Pooley, and Ayres, and Private Baldwin.

A perceptible thrill of excitement among the spectators—an audible murmur of expectation—expectation gratified at once. The second ties are commenced without a minute's delay. It seems rather hard on Corporal Ayres that he should have another fight on his hands directly after his former one. He remains in the Riding School, and is confronted by our special favourite, Corporal Pooley. The two men being the victors of the two last encounters, we should have thought it better for Baldwin and Mc Kee to have commenced the second ties; but the Colonel knows best. As matters stand, Pooley has a decided advantage. He has had a rest, albeit not so long an one as Baldwin or Mc Kee, whereas poor Ayres has only time to get his jacket brushed and stick chalked, before called upon to tackle a new antagonist.

There is a good deal of fencing and guarding at first. Both men skirmish about, to the discomposure of the spectators. Corporal Pooley, especially, manages to ride into them, backing and wheeling his charger among their toes, in a manner by no means pleasant. He scores one hit, though not without some trouble, for Ayres is the cooler of the two, and parries beautifully; resorting, as in his contests with Maddock, more to the thrust than cut. There are several bouts in which neither has the advantage; hit and counter-hit being the order of the day, and chalk marks visible on both jackets. Pooley plays more cautiously than in his set-to with Gainey; but, to our thinking, the slashing impetuous style suits him best. We notice also that, whether it be his charger's fault or not, he does not seem to hold his steed so well in hand as does Ayres. Perhaps the horse is as excited as the man; and, indeed, it is wonderful what interest the various chargers seem to take in the contests; one of them, conspicuous by its four white stockings, actually pawing the ground with impatience before each onset. At any rate, there is something about our favourite Corporal's seat and bridle-hand which we do not like. A moment more, and our worst fears are verified. Warming to their work, both men close. There is a sharp tussle. Corporal Ayres delivers a cut, after his antagonist's fashion, and straight for the latter's right breast. Corporal Pooley swerves to one side, half out of the saddle, to avoid the blow, misses his balance, clutches at saddle, then at mane; the horse plunges, and nearly comes down; and Corporal Pooley is on the ground, fairly dismounted, and with a long chalk mark across his body! The ladies in the gallery give little screams; the men cheer; and the poor Corporal rises, looking earthy, chalky, and crestfallen. "He is disqualified now," says a deeply-interested private by our side. "That he aint," responds a comrade. "He's going at it again." And, sure enough, the Colonel permits him to remount and try to retrieve his misfortune. Of course, the cut counts against him; and it seems to be the general verdict of the spectators that the fall ought to have settled his fate at once. Our interest in the Corporal increases with his mishaps, and we are glad that he has another try. Alas, it is no use! Whether he has lost confidence by his tumble, or is so eager to revenge himself, that he forgets prudence, we know not; but, no sooner have they met again, than Ayres contrives to deliver his point right under our poor friend's guard, and, as in an instant the contest is over, "Beautiful point," exclaims one of the officers; and, we expect, nobody pities Corporal Pooley except ourself. He rides out with a torn jacket to add to his other disasters. With that, and a tumble, and the heaviest blow which was received during the afternoon—the one, namely, which he got from Private Gainey—we think his chapter of accidents is complete. At any rate, he remains the champion of his troop, and keeps his extra twopence a-day for the next year. Better luck, perhaps, next time.

Corporal Ayres has a rest now—a well-deserved one—while Corporal Mc Kee and Private Baldwin come forward. As we, and indeed everyone, expect, their struggle is soon decided. Mc Kee plants two hits, in succession, and finishes his opponent off in very easy style. Baldwin vanishes; Ayres reappears; and now for the final contest of all—the contest between the two survivors! Descend, oh shade of Homer, and inspire our pen, while we describe the meeting between these two heroes!

Mc Kee has vanquished Mc Courtey and Baldwin—vanquished them in such rapid manner, that either they are very bad swordsmen, or he a superlatively good one. The first supposition is improbable, for Mc Courtey and Baldwin are the champions of their respective troops. Driven to the second supposition, we can understand how, from the beginning, Mc Kee has held the position of first favourite. He has not afforded us half so much sport as Ayres or Pooley, but the very quickness with which he has done his work is his best recommendation. As to Ayres, he has had hard work, and long work, to demolish Maddock and Pooley. There can be little doubt, now, as to the result of his encounter with Mc Kee.

If there was any such doubt, it is speedily set at rest. Seemingly without an effort, Mc Kee delivers the point of his stick against Ayres' jacket, disengages, and reins back. It is a most scientific thrust, though it looks so simple. "One for Mc Kee." Again they spur forward,—and now how are we to describe what follows? Ayres makes a lunge; Mc Kee parries it; his sword—stick we mean—glides along his opponent's, till it reaches the hilt. There is a sharp twitch, and lo, Corporal Ayres is left defenceless! His stick flies through the air! Mc Kee has disarmed him with a turn of the wrist, and, in a second more, the favourite gently lays his chalked stick across the other's breast, and, amidst a burst of cheering, ends the battle. It is the coolest, neatest, prettiest bit of swordmanship we have ever seen. Corporal Mc Kee is the Champion of the Inniskilling Dragoons, for the year 1869.

Then the Colonel makes a speech, short and pertinent. Addressing himself more especially to the men of the regiment, he assures them how great an interest he and their other officers take in these annual contests. He congratulates them on the zeal, obedience to orders, and good humour they have shown from first to last. He declares his conviction that the best man has won the victory. He announces that an extra prize of a riding whip accompanies the regulation threepence a day, cross-swords, and crown. He begs the men to keep up, during the year, what they have learnt while competing with one another. A cheer for the Colonel, and the assembly disperses.

* * * * * *

Since the above most interesting scene, or series of scenes, H.M. Inniskillings have bidden good-bye to Manchester, and taken up their quarters at Aldershot. We had, previous to Monday, March 29th, known the regiment from the famous Mhow court-martial—known it, also, from the vivid description of our guide on the field of Waterloo, as he pointed out to us the place where the Inniskillings charged and rode over the French Cuirassiers; known it, also, from the pages of Russell and Kinglake, painting the charge of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade at Balaclava. Henceforth we have another, and a nearer, interest in the regiment. We shall never hear its name without recalling the eight heroes of Easter Monday, 1869, and the pleasant excitement with which we witnessed the bloodless battle in the Hulme Cavalry Barracks.

A SEANCE WITH THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

In our young days we were wont to exercise the marvellous by fastening a key in a certain Book, referring to a certain Ruth. The Book, suspended on the tips of two fingers, would follow or recede from a pointed digit during the well-known incantation. Whether it was that wisdom came with age, or from constant friction with life's realities, we cannot say, but in after years we could not tolerate the miserable dodges of table moving, hat turning, blood writing, floating bodies, flying banjos, and other exploded manifestations, and we thought we had lived to see them die. But, as Goethe says, "Some men will only get rid of their superstitions when they can shake off their shadows," and there are people around us who, not content with a laudable pursuit of the duties of this life, must pry into the unseen and unknown future.

Last Saturday evening, we were present at the annual meeting of the Progressive Spiritualists, which was held at the Mechanics' Institution. An excellent tea was provided, nice and homely; no magnetism in the spoons, not the slightest tremor in the crockery, nor even spirit in the tea. Had a stranger dropped among us, he would have taken us for a select body of Sunday school teachers, or possibly solid, weighty Quakers. Tea over, the company, which numbered about fifty, adjourned to another room. Here there was a table loaded with "spiritual literature," among the number a penny broadsheet, with the ominous title of *Daybreak*. It was some comfort to see that the whole budget sprang from the land of Barnum and Davenports, though radiating from a Glasgow centre. On other tables there were photographs, stereo pictures, microscopes and objects, which some thoughtful and considerate friend had brought. But alas! these, too, were material. Even the microscopes, with their "visions of the unseen world," showing the delicate fibres, the glorious dust, the beautiful mechanism of nature, otherwise invisible, were discarded. They savoured of the earth earthy.

Having taken our seats, the Secretary, who, by the way, appeared to us too much of the matter-of-fact species to believe in the system for which he is officiating, called upon one of the company to take the chair. The gentleman took the chair with becoming diffidence. He had "made no preparation," neither had he "any idea what would be the programme of the evening," but said he "had every faith in the aid of the spirits." We learned that for many years he had been a sincere believer in spiritualism, and that, as a reward for his faithful devotion, the spirits—not decanter tenants—were constant visitors at his house. So constant and regular had these visits become that, were they to cease, he should miss them, as though one of his own family were taken from his domestic circle. Further, that table moving, rapping, and the like, were the order of day and night at his house. This and much more was said by the gentleman, who, in other respects, appeared to be of the most calm, gentle, and affectionate temperament. He came back to the material world by calling on the secretary to read the report. Contrary to our expectations, there was nothing startling or appalling in it. It was short, pithy, and to the point. It told us that the funds were in a prosperous state, arising mainly from the proceeds of the "Hardinge Lectures." The "spirits" relied for financial support from the substantial world, but, with a true spirit of gratitude, the funds were to be expended in providing lectures, distributing tracts, forming circles, giving public "manifestations," in fact, in preparing a grand assault that would bring all man and womankind within the mystic fold of spiritualism.

The "spirits" moved a vealy, though amiable looking gentleman, who got on his legs to move a resolution. He candidly confessed his ignorance of the "laws of nature," but gloried in a confession of his "firm belief in the aid, presence, and influence of spirits." These spirits are odd subjects, certainly, for one or more of them took possession of a member, and was actually endeavouring to make him second a motion and move an amendment. However, these material and worldly things were surmounted. A gentleman from Yorkshire gave us "a bit of his mind"—a rigmarole about body, mind and spirit, far too lofty for our common intellect. Yet, we could not fail to perceive that he was evidently heart and soul a spiritualist; he really seemed to believe what he said. His oration was suddenly interrupted by a faint cry. The room was close and hot, and we, in our simplicity, thought one of the ladies had fainted. On the contrary, however, the lights were lowered, when up started a young lady. She held one hand firmly over her eyes, marched up to the chairman's side, and faced round to the audience. After many pantomimic gestures, she began to speak. The young lady was a "medium"—a spirit had taken possession of her, and "spake unto us." Having given certain particulars as to parentage and residence, the spirit concluded with a flourish in favour of spiritualism, and a promise of its "filling the whole earth." The "medium" fell exhausted into a chair, but revived again very shortly, and brought her uplifted hand with a whack on the table. This was evidently a spiritual sign for pencil and paper, for these materials were handed to the "medium," who dashed the name down in a jiffy, and then the "spirit" was understood to retire to its own home. While the "medium" was finding her senses, the chairman calmly explained that the "spirit" we had just heard had been with them before. "This was the second visit of the spirit of a young lady who departed this life last October." In her first visit, she gave an account of herself, which, on reference to the directory, was found to be correct, so far as name, number, and street were concerned; and the name just written by the "medium" was a confirmation of it all. This palaver ended, the "medium" took her place among us, "sitting in her right mind."

Our Yorkshire friend, whom we liked for his earnestness, but pitied for his extreme simplicity, once more resumed his oration, and did his best to lead us into the mysterious labyrinths of spiritualism. Let us try to give our readers a specimen. Suppose Brown steals Smith's *Sphinx*. Smith knoweth not the thief in the flesh, yet, in the spirit-world, the fact of this theft would be so palpable on the face or surface of the spirit of Brown, that when the two spirits meet hereafter, as they assuredly would, Smith's spirit would exclaim, "Good heavens, Brown! it was you who stole my *Sphinx!*" But time, which waits for neither men nor spirits, was passing on, and the company were anxious for "manifestations." A "circle" was formed round an oblong table. The "circle" consisted of three ladies and seven gentlemen, all professed spiritualists, with several "mediums" amongst them. The table was large and heavy, all the more acceptable for moving and turning, but though hands were laid upon it, and silence reigned, not a "manifestation" would it give. Fifteen minutes passed, and not a sign. We began to think the rounds of Kentish fire, roars of laughter, strains of music that were wafted from regions below, evidently from people enjoying their "Trip to Ireland," would interfere with the spiritual programme. Another five minutes, and then a sign came forth, in the shape of a solid, firm voice, shouting, "Holloa! holloa! I knows yo! Where om I? I feels rum in women's cloothes," and many similar exclamations, all proceeding from our friend the young lady who had acted as "medium" previously. She kept her seat at the table, but opened her eyes, and used them, as well as her hands and tongue, most naturally. One of the brethren asked the spirit to give his name, but he declined to do this, volunteering instead the information that he "cum from t'other side Darby." Another friend said to the spirit—"Tell me my name." The spirit looked at him, and exclaimed, "How should I know yore name? I never seed yo before." And then the "medium" lapsed into an apparent insensible state. The chairman, who, by-the-bye, had been most gentle and attentive to the "medium," explained that the spirit that we had heard, that had possession of the "medium," was "the spirit of a countryman who lives the other side Derby." He had paid them many visits, and the reason why the spirit would not divulge his name in public was because his wife was jealous, and associated these doings with a certain "gentleman in black." One of the company present ventured to suggest that there was something "repulsive in the thought of it being possible that the spirit of a raw countryman, a clodhopper, could possess the body of a young girl." Poor fellow, he was evidently wavering on the borders of scepticism, and the spirits called him to account. The "medium" was again struck, but by a different spirit, "that of a young lady who died last December," and who—good gracious!—had been among us all the evening, and had heard our remarks. The medium stood up, and, with closed eyes and uplifted hands, exclaimed, "Has not God made all men? Who is he, where is he that dares to call one of His creatures a clod? Who is he that thinks the spirits cannot do as they will?" And again, "If you want to send a telegram, you would not try to send it through that window (pointing to a dense blank wall), but you would seek some suitable medium. So with the spirit world; the spirit of that countryman, whose body was rude and uncouth, was pure, delicate, and holy, and would act in perfect unison with the most perfect body he might feel inclined to enter." We then heard another appeal in behalf of the profession, another signal for writing materials, another name written, words spelled out from the fingers, ending with a song of "Good night," and then the "medium" swooned back to common sense again.

What a relief it would have been, had we been told, as we left, that we had been witnessing a burlesque. But no. These men and women, many of them evidently of superior stamp, all of good education, certainly intended us to believe that their belief was implicit in all that we had seen and heard.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?

DEDICATIONS.

THE Rev. Charles Merivale, D.C.L., chaplain to the Speaker, has just published a translation of *Homer's Iliad* in English rhyme verse, and has prefaced it by the following beautiful tribute of affection to his wife:—

To thee who, bending o'er my table's rim,
Hast marked these measures flow, these pages brim;
Who, linked for ever to a lettered life,
Hast drawn the dubious lot of student's wife;
Kept hush around my desk, nor grudged me still
The long, dull, ceaseless rustling of my quill;
Content to guide the house, the child to teach,
And hail my fitful interludes of speech;
Or bid the bald, disjointed tale rehearse;
Or drink harsh numbers mellowing into verse:
Who still 'mid cares sedate, in sorrows brave,
Hast for me borne the light, and with me shared the grave;
And grown from soft to strong, from fair to sage,
Flower of my youth, and jewel of my age;
To thee these lays I bring with joy, with pride,—
Sure of thy suffrage, if of none beside.

Compare with this Mr. Tennyson's dedication of *Enoch Arden* to his wife:—

Dear, near, and true—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall—take this and pray that he
Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself; and spite of praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise;
And after autumn past—if left to pass
His autumn into seeming-leafless days—
Draw toward the long frost and longest night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.

ROBERTS'S LARGEST BREAKS.—In 1864 I played a series of entertainments in Melbourne and round the district. One of them was against an amateur named Pogson, to whom I gave 600 in 1,000. He scored altogether 184 points whilst I made game; but the most curious part of the affair was that I got 186 at a break, just two points more than my opponent's total. In the year 1858 I played Herst in Glasgow, and scored 188 at a break, including 55 spot hazards. In March, 1862, at Saville House, I made 346 off the balls—the longest break on record. It was commenced by a cannon; then followed several losing hazards; and eventually I got up to the spot, and continued to score until 104 consecutive hazards were added. Dufton was my opponent, and after seeing me make 50 hazards he put on his coat and proceeded to light up a cigar, thinking it was not improbable I should score the five hundred or so I wanted in order to win, straight off. At Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, I also made 256 off a break, in January, 1867. On this occasion Dufton was again my opponent; and after scoring 26 points round the table I got behind the spot, and was successful in counting 78 times before I failed by an eighth of an inch. The "tykes" have always been noted for their cordiality; I think they were extra enthusiastic that evening. At Oxford, in 1861, I played Bowles, and ran up 240, including one hundred and two cannons made in the jaws of a pocket. One of the most remarkable games I ever played, however, was with Charles Hughes, in Dufton's first handicap at the Philharmonic. The heat was 200 up; and as I commenced 60 behind the scratch, I had 260 to make to win. After rubbing off 10, I got hold of the balls, and, with the assistance of 38 spot hazards, added a break of 128. Hughes then made 54, and I followed with another run, this time 124, including 39 spots, the heat of 262 terminating after 35 minutes play.—*Roberts on Billiards.*

WHIST AND WHIST PLAYERS.

THE April number of *Fraser's Magazine* contains a capital article on whist and whist players, evidently from the pen of the writer of the celebrated article on the "Art of Dining," in the *Quarterly Review*, a few years ago. There is the same varied knowledge of men and books, the same consequent fertility of illustrations, the same mode of blending amusement with instruction, the same mixture of facts, fancies, and fun; and (if similar causes produce similar or corresponding effects) we may hope to see as marked and rapid an advance in whist as we formerly witnessed in dining. The probable manner of operation cannot be better described than in the words of M. Deschapelles, whom Mr. Clay terms "the finest whist player beyond any comparison the world has ever seen." An old friend of his had been favoured with the perusal of a chapter, entitled "Le Systeme," of his long contemplated, but never completed, work on Whist:—"At first he did not appear quite satisfied; he would fain have found in it what it could not contain, and what was to be found elsewhere. But two days afterwards he said to me, 'I am no longer the same man; observe my play; I am first rate.' It was partly true. I directed his mind to points to which it was hitherto a stranger. I had taught him to arrange and classify his observations." This is precisely the kind of service the untaught or unscientific (however practised) whist player may derive from this article. It will teach him to systematise the results of his experience; and, by giving him a principle by way of nucleus, will enable him to recall and utilise the innumerable facts and inferences which at present lie confused and half effaced in his memory—

And as a fort to which beleag'ers win
Unhop'd for entrance through some friend within,
One clear idea center'd in the breast
By memory's magic lets in all the rest.

Whist has recently become a fashionable amusement for both sexes. Yet outside the pale of three or four London clubs the average skill is absolutely discreditable to grown people; indeed, is hardly beyond what a party of boys and girls might attain in a week:—

It is quite curious to see how many who have made whist their favourite occupation never rise to the rank of third-rate players: how many are utterly ignorant of the plainest principles, and unprepared for the most ordinary combinations or contingencies: how many are almost always in hopeless confusion about their leads: how many have not the smallest notion why and when they should trump a doubtful card, or why and when they should lead trumps. The Italian who had the honour of teaching George III. the violin, on being asked by his royal pupil what progress he was making, observed, "Please your Majesty, there are three classes of players: 1. Those who cannot play at all; 2. Those who play badly; 3. Those who play well. Your Majesty is just getting into the second class." This is the outside compliment we could pay to a numerous section of assiduous whist-players. Yet, as Lord Chesterfield told his son, whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well; and one would have thought that a few hours' study might be advantageously bestowed in escaping this constantly recurring condition of embarrassment, to say nothing of the annoyance which may be read in the partner's face, however indulgent or well bred, when he or she happens to know something of the game.

The writer thinks it hopeless to expect general improvement from oral instruction; because any attempt to talk over the hand with bad players is frequently met in a manner that does not invite a repetition of the experiment; and a competent amateur when taking his place opposite a lady partner is almost invariably addressed with, "Now, pray don't scold; I can't bear scolding." In other words, "I can't bear to be taught."

Books therefore are the readiest and surest sources of instruction, but to begin with books would be as absurd as the practice of teaching Latin and Greek through the medium of a Latin grammar. It is now admitted that the Hamiltonian method of learning languages is the best. Acquire a sufficient stock of words before meddling with syntax. Just so, familiarise yourself with the ordinary combinations of the cards before venturing on the rules and principles which constitute the syntax of the game. But in each case the syntax is indispensable, when the appropriate step of progress has been attained; and the whist-player who endeavours to dispense with it, unless he is singularly gifted, will bear the same relation to one of the master spirits of the Portland, the Arlington, or the Paris Jockey Club, that a courier or quick-witted lady's maid who has made the tour of Europe would bear in linguistic acquirements to the trained diplomatist who speaks and writes French, German, and Italian with correctness and facility. It is the same in all things to which mind can be applied; theory or science should go hand in hand with practice. This is true even of games of manual dexterity, like billiards and croquet, but it is preeminently true of whist. Nay, we shall show before concluding that the mere mechanical quality of memory has far less to do with making a fine or even a good player, than the higher qualities of judgment, observation, logical intuition, and sagacity.

The marked defect of all the numerous treatises on the subject—with the exception of the fragments left by Deschapelles—is, that if they do not absolutely repel by dryness, they do not attract by liveliness. Seeing this, the writer of the article has aimed at illustrating the most important maxims in a manner that can hardly fail to fix them on the memory. Take, for example, his diatribe against the current practice of leading trumps when the player is in a state of bewilderment and plays trumps simply because he does not know what else to play:—

As for people who lead trumps because they are at a loss what else to lead, they might just as well take the most important step in life, go into orders, the army, or Mrs. Starr's convent, marry or get unmarried, from sheer lassitude and vacuity. It is Lord Derby's leap in the dark repeated on a small scale. A trump lead almost always brings matters to a crisis, and should

never be hazarded without reason. If absolutely no semblance of a reason suggests itself, play any card rather than a trump; and if this blank state of mind is of frequent recurrence after a resolute effort to improve, we should address the dubitant pretty nearly as the French fencing-master addressed the late Earl of E. at the conclusion of six months' teaching: "Milord, je vous conseille decidemment d'abandonner les armes."

Or take the remarks by which he points the doctrine of always leading trumps with five:—

There is a capital sketch of a whist party in *Sans Merci*, by the author of *Guy Livingston*, in which the hero, who is losing to a startling amount, asks his partner, an old hand, whether with knave five he ought not to have led trumps. 'It has been computed,' was the calm reply, 'that 11,000 Englishmen, once heirs to fair fortunes, are wandering about the Continent, in a state of utter destitution, because they would not lead trumps with five and an honour in their hands.' Cavendish says that, with the original lead and five trumps you should almost always lead one; with six invariably. Colonel Blyth, after giving the same qualified opinion in his text, adds in a note—"I once heard a first-rate whist-player say that, with four trumps in your hand, it was mostly right to lead them; but that he who held five, and did not lead them, was fit only for a lunatic asylum." This first-rate whist-player had probably recently been playing with one of the 11,000, or with strong-minded females who are most provokingly reticent of trumps. We should recommend every incipient whist-player, who has not experience enough to mark the rare exceptional cases, to lead one when he holds more than four, but to pause and reflect with four. With four small trumps he should not lead one unless he is strong in all the other suits, or at least strong enough in each to prevent the establishment of an adversary's strong suit. If there are two or more honours amongst his four, or the ace, he may lead one with comparatively little risk.

Our quotations will have indicated the spirit of the essay, which ardent whist-players will, of course, consult and study with unusual interest. The writer names the late Lord Granville, the Hon. George Anson who died in India, and Henry Lord de Ros, as the best English players known to fame. The palm, he says, amongst living contemporaries lies between Lord Henry Bentinck and Mr. Clay.

WISE SAWS.

(FROM COLERIDGE.)

A bitter and perplexed "What shall I do?"
Is worse to man than worse necessity.

The game of life
Looks cheerful when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure.

Fate hath no voice but the soul's impulses.

This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.

Time consecrates,
And what is grey with age becomes religion.

He deserves to find himself deceived
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.

A brave man hazard's life, but not his conscience.

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honour.

HANDEL IN A RAGE.

WHEN Carestini, the celebrated *evirato*, sent back the air "Verdi Prati," Handel was furious, and rushing into the trembling Italian's house, shook the music in his face with, "You tog, don't I know better as yourself vat you shall sing? If you vill not sing all de song vat I give you, I vil not pay you ein stiver!" Carestini afterwards found that Handel was right. "Verdi Prati" was one of his *grands succes*. When, in a similar spirit of ill-timed revolt, the famous Cuzzoni declined to sing "Falsa Immagine" at the rehearsal, Handel, who had been waxing hot at sundry signs of insubordination, exploded at last. He flew at the wretched woman, and seizing her arm, shook her like a rat. "Ah! I always knew you were a fery tevil," he cried; "and I shall now let you know that I am Belzebub, de prince of de tevils!" and dragging her to the open window, was just on the point of pitching her into the street, when in every sense of the word, she recanted. Although Handel sometimes gained his point in this way, yet his violence occasionally laid him open to the ridicule and contempt of small minds. Persons have been known to appreciate that indescribable mixture of sound produced by the preparatory tuning of an orchestra with the organ, even more than the performance itself. Handel was not of this opinion. After he was once at his desk, woe betide the belated fiddle that scraped a fifth, or the inexperienced flute that attempted the least "tootle." Some of us may have witnessed the despair of a professional conductor at the endless and insatiable tuning of an amateur orchestra. Others may have watched the calm distraction of an accompanist at having to play through "Vaga Luna" to some one not more than half a semitone flat. Others may have seen the expression on the master's face when in some pause the drum comes in with a confident, but perfectly uncalled for, "rataplan;" but these incidents are trivial compared with the scene which it is now our painful duty to describe. It was a grand night at the Opera. The Prince of Wales had arrived in good time, remembering how Handel had been annoyed sometimes at his coming in late. The instruments, supposed to be in perfect tune, were lying ready, and the performers entered. Alas! a wag had crept in before them, and put every one of the stringed instruments out of tune. Handel enters; and now all the bows are raised together, and at the given beat they all start off *con spirito*. The effect must have been as if every one of the performers had been musically tumbling down stairs. The unhappy maestro rushes wildly from his place, kicks to pieces the first double bass that opposes him, and seizing a kettledrum, throws it violently at the leader of the band. The effort sends his full-bottomed wig flying, but he does not heed it; and, rushing bareheaded to the footlights, he stands for a few moments amid the roars of the house, snorting with rage, and choked with passion. The Prince, although highly amused, soon thought this kind of entertainment had lasted long enough, and, going down in person, he beseeches Handel to be calm, and with much difficulty prevails on him to resume his wig and his opera. Like Burleigh's nod, Handel's wig seems to have been a sure guide to Handel's temper. "When things went well at the oratorio," writes Burney, "it had a certain nod or vibration which manifested his pleasure and satisfaction. Without it, nice observers were certain that he was out of humour." The ominous sign always appeared if, when Handel was conducting the Prince of Wales's concerts, any of the ladies-in-waiting talked instead of listening. "Hush! hush!" the Princess would say; "don't you see Handel is in a passion?" But it must be added that Handel, who knew his own hastiness, was often the first to apologise; and on one occasion, after roundly scolding Burney, then a mere lad, for what turned out to be an error of Smith, the copyist, he instantly made the *amende honorable*. "I peg your pardon; I am a very odd tog; Meister Schmidt is to plame."—*Contemporary Review*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

M. complains, with somewhat unnecessary choler, that the copy of the *Sphinx* which he bought last week was imperfectly printed. This was, of course, an accident, which may possibly have happened to a dozen copies out of several thousands. Any purchaser who obtains an imperfect copy can have it exchanged for a perfect copy by applying at the *Sphinx* office, 37, Oxford Street.

J. W. K. (Littleborough.)—Thanks. The practice, if repeated, shall be noticed.

RECEIVED.—A Grammar School Boy; J.T.H.; G. W. D.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[The following list of books, published during the last week or ten days, does not comprise works of a technical, sectional, or merely professional character.]

	Published at £ s. d.
Breaking a Butterfly. By the Author of Guy Livingstone. 3 vols.	1 11 6
Bright (Right Hon. J.), Speeches on Public Affairs of the Last Twenty Years	1 4
Brown (R. E.), the Book of the Landed Estates	12 0
Chrysostom's Four Discourses on the Rich Man and Lazarus	3 6
Cook (D.), Leo, a Novel	2 0
Crooke's and Rohrig's Practical Treatise on Metallurgy, vol. 2	36 0
De Gex and Smith's Arrangements between Debtors and Creditors	16 6
De Gex and Smith's Second Supplement to Debtors and Creditors	4 6
Early (W.), How to Grow Mushrooms	1 0
Harrison (J.), Athletic Training and Health	2 6
History of the English Church to the Reign of Queen Mary	5 0
Homer's Odyssey, translated into Dramatic Verse, by L. Bigge-Wither	10 6
Horace's Odes, translated into English Verse, by E. Yardley	6 0
Keble (J.), Miscellaneous Poems	6 0
Marsden (A.), New and Successful Mode of Treating Cancer	6 6
Plato Meno, translated with Notes by Mackay	7 6
Reilly (A.), The Valpelline and Southern Valleys of Monte Rosa	6 0
Scott (Sir W.), Life of, by Lockhart, Roxburgh ed., vol. 4	3 6
Smith (M. H.), Sunshine and Shadow in New York	10 6
Theocritus, translated into English Verse by C. S. Calverley	7 6

A man much addicted to snoring remarked to his bedfellow in the morning that he had slept "like a top." "I know it," said the other; "like a humming-top."

EUROPEAN SEWING MACHINE, LOCK STITCH, COMPLETE 6½ GUINEAS.
HARRISON BROTHERS, 118, Portland Street.

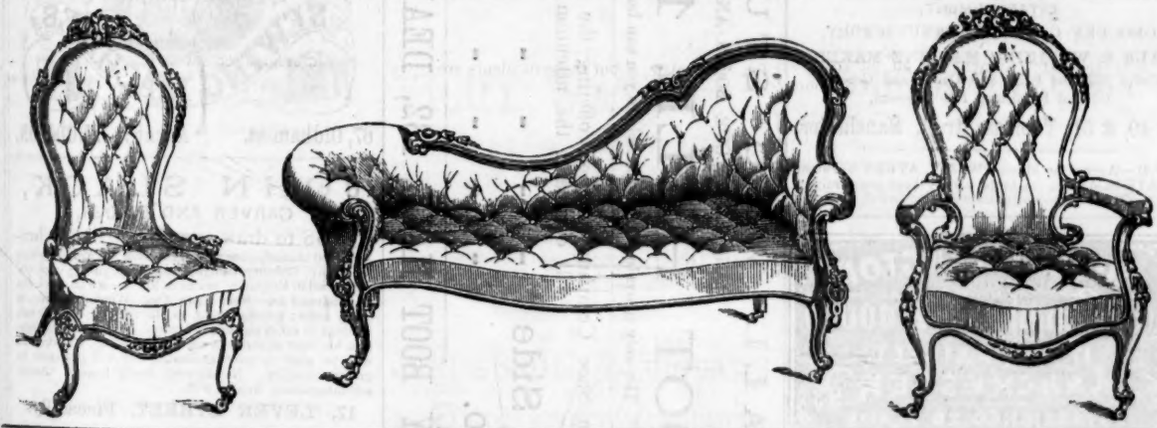
R. H. GIBSON,

COMPLETE

HOUSE FURNISHER,

90 TO 96, STRETFORD ROAD, AND 78, OLDHAM-ST.

GIBSON'S DRAWING ROOM SUITE, consisting of Lounge, Two Easy Chairs, and Six Small Chairs, covered in rich Rep, 10 Guineas; Loo Table, 3 Guineas, and Chiffonier, with Glass Back and Glass Doors, 5 Guineas, in Rich Italian Walnut. All complete, 18 Guineas.



VELOCIPEDES!!

ANDREW MUIR'S

PATENT

ADJUSTABLE FRENCH TWO-WHEEL VELOCIPEDES,

To suit riders of various heights, with Anti-Friction Bearings, made of the best forged iron and steel finely wrought and tempered, combining ELEGANCE, SAFETY, EASE, and DURABILITY. Warranted. A large room to give lessons to purchasers and for trial. Special terms to Clubs, Schools, Regiments, Gymnasiums, &c. Merchants, Shippers, and the trade liberally dealt with. Agents wanted in every town.

The VELOCIPEDE: How to Learn and Use it, with Illustrations, Prices, &c. Price 6d.; by post, seven stamps.

ANDREW MUIR, Engineer, Victoria Bridge Works,

SALFORD, MANCHESTER. Three Minutes' Walk from the Royal Exchange.

FRESH ARRIVALS OF CHOICEST TEA, **J. F. MART,** TEA MERCHANT, Opposite the TOWN HALL, SALFORD.

BUSS, IRONMONGER,

VICTORIA STREET,

Five Doors from the Cathedral.

TABLE KNIVES and FORKS, from 7/6 doz.
TABLE KNIVES, Ivory Handles, 12/6 to 33s. dozen.
PLATED FORKS, 17s. to 42s. doz.
TEA SPOONS, 8s. to 20s. doz.
USEFUL PRESENTS.

FENDERS,	DISH COVERS
FIRE IRONS,	TEA SERVICES.
TRAYS.	CRUETS.

An excellent Selection of SILVER PLATED GOODS.

THOMAS CAVANAH,

Late Practical Foreman to Kendal, Milne & Co.,

UPHOLSTERER,

CABINET MAKER,

GENERAL FURNISHER,

Iron Bedstead & Bedding Warehouse,

81, OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER.

Established above half-a-century.

To Merchants, Tea Dealers, Grocers, &c.

H. SUTCLIFFE & CO.'S

Japanning, Copper & Tin-plate Working

ESTABLISHMENT,

GROCERS' CANISTER MANUFACTORY,

SCALE & WEIGHING MACHINE MAKERS,

Coffee Mill and Paint Mill Depot, and Grocers' General Furnishing Establishment,

33, 49, & 51, Thomas Street, Manchester.

N.B.—Agents for Messrs. W. & T. AVERY'S Patent AGATE SCALES. A large variety kept constantly in Stock. Please address all communications in full, as above.

ROBERT LANGTON,
Engraver on Wood.
17, CROSS STREET,
MANCHESTER
ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS

THE STRONGEST MAN in the WORLD
CANNOT BREAK THE
EVERLASTING
Porpoise-skin Boot Laces,

MADE BY
GILL & Co., 12, Brewer-st., Golden-sq., London, W.

Price 1s. per pair; by post 14 stamps; 6 pairs for 5s.

FRENCH DUBBING.

THIS Invaluable Composition possesses the properties of preserving Leather, rendering it supple and waterproof. It is identically the same Dubbing as that used by the best curriers in Millau (Aveyron). BOOTS, SHOES, and HARNESS are particularly benefitted by its application.—Sold Wholesale and Retail by W. GILL & CO., Curriers and Leather Sellers, London.—Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per can, or 60s. per cwt. in casks.

TO ALL WHO STUDY ECONOMY.

PURCHASE YOUR BOOTS AND SHOES AT THE

CITY BOOT HALL, 132, DEANSGATE,

The only place in Manchester where you can buy Single Pairs at Wholesale Prices.

The Leicester and Northampton Shoe Company are now offering the remainder of their WINTER STOCK at such low prices as will command the attention of all purchasers.

Ladies' Elastic Side - - - - - - from 2s. 11½d. to 10s. 6d.
Gents do. do. - - - - - - - - 4s. 11d. to 14s. 6d.

The CITY BOOT HALL, 132, DEANSGATE, near Bridge Street.

10 AP 69

J. HAYWARD,

(For several years Manager to the late firm of Scholes & Co.)

Window Blind Manufacturer

5, JOHN DALTON STREET,
MANCHESTER.

Sun-Shades of every description made to order.

SILENT WORKING SEWING MACHINES.

The Celebrated Firm of
WHEELER & WILSON
Now offer to the public a greatly improved
SEWING MACHINE,

SILENT IN ITS WORKING.

Being an improvement upon their already world-renowned Machines.

Protected by Royal Letters Patent.

Prices from £8.

22, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER.

67, Oldham-st. Agent: J. HODGSON.

JOHN SLACK,

CARVER AND GILDER,

BEGS to draw attention to his celebrated manufacture of CHIMNEY GLASSES, which for purity, stability, design, and genuine gilding, cannot be surpassed in England; prices as low as such an article can be produced for—from £4 to £30. Window Cornices in every style; genuine gold, 4s. to 12s. per foot. Picture Frames of every pattern and price. J. S. would also mention his very superior work in Re-gilding, for which he will be glad to give estimates, and will guarantee its genuine quality. Needlework neatly framed. Artists advantageously treated with.

17, LEVER STREET, Piccadilly.

THE
Globe Parcel Express,

127a, MARKET STREET.

PARCELS & PACKAGES FORWARDED DAILY to ALL PARTS of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND THE
CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

GOODS and PARCELS forwarded per Mail and other Steamers or Sailing Vessels to India, China, Australia, United States, Canada, and all other parts of the World.

MANCHESTER: Printed and Published by the Proprietor, JOHN GEORGE KERSHAW, at 37, Oxford-street, in the parish of Manchester, and of 7, Stanley Terrace, Moss Lane West, in the parish of Manchester.—Saturday, April 3rd, 1869.

J. E. HAYDOCK, Has one of the largest Assortments of **Watches, Gold Chains, &c.** in the city, **12, Albion-st., Gaythorn.**